

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And thou must cure me till I know tis done.
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere begin.

Exit.

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Armie ouer the Stage.

Fortin. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him, that by his licence *Fortinbrasse*
Craues the conueyance of a promis'd march
Ouer his Kingdome, you know the rendezuous,
If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

Fortin. Go softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraun, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway sir.

Ham. How proposd sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old Norway, *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of Poland sir?
Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it?

Now will it yeeld to Norway or the Pole

A ranckerrate, should it be sould in fee.

Ham. Why then the Pollacke neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes it is already garisoned.

Ham. Two thousand soules and twenty thousand duckets
Will not debate the question of this straw,
This is th' inpossume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and shewes no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Will't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight, go a little before,
How all occasions do informe against me,

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And spur my dull reuenge. VVhat is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capability and God-like reason
To fust in vs vnus'd, now whether it be
Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'euent,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdom,
And euer three parts coward I do not know
VVhy yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cause, and will and strength, and meanes
To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
VVitnesse this Army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
VVhose spirit with diuine ambition puffs,
Makes mowthes at the inuisible euent,
Exposing what is mortall, and vnure,
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-shell, Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
VVhen honour's at the stake. How stand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and trick of fame
Go to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
VVhereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
VVhich is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the slaine. O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speak with her.

Gen. She is importunate.

Indeed distract, her mood will needs be pittied.

K

Quee.